

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

Vol. 22

Chinook, Alberta, Thursday, Nov. 23rd 1939

No

Mr. J. Cooley was a Calgary visitor last week, returning with a new 1940 Ford car.

Mr. W. Barros was a Calgary visitor last week.

Chinook Welcomes Nurse

Mrs. W. H. Davis is intending to stay in town and will be available to nurse patients requiring her services, including maternity cases for which she is well qualified, holding the C M B.

Don't forget the Bazaar which will be held in the Garage at 2 p m on Saturday, November 25th.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our thanks and gratitude to all our relatives and friends for sympathy and kindness during our sad bereavement.

Mrs. H. E. Robinson and family

Mr. E. Robinson was a Calgary visitor last week end

Mrs. J. C. Bayley left for Calgary on Tuesday where she will spend a few days.

Mrs. W. Milligan, Mrs. W. Gallagher and Miss P. DeMeare were guests of Miss M. Milligan on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffer and daughter, Maxine were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Warco.

Church of England Service will be held in the School on Sunday at 2 p m.

Mrs. L. Robinson who has been at Bowden for the past month receiving medical attention returned home on Sun.

Mr. C. Neff of Drumheller was a Chinook visitor this week.

Mr. G. Aitken was a Hanna visitor on Friday.

Mr. L. Connor is an Edmonton visitor this week.

Messrs J. Mulgunus and E. Fargett were Hanna visitors on Friday.

Wedding Bells

DINZEY-MARCY

Wednesday, November 15 was the date of a very pretty wedding solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Marcy of Brooks, when their youngest daughter, Doris Evelyn, was united in marriage with Mr. Edwin Hugh Dinzey Jr. eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hugh Dinzey of Cremonia.

The bride, supported by her father, passed sedately under a white arch into the living room to the strains of Lohen-grin, played by Miss Echo Ewing. She was becomingly gowned in Royal blue velvet with white lace bodice and carried a beautiful bouquet of sentinel roses.

Her attendant, Miss Jean Dinzey, wore red crepe and carried white carnations. The bride's mother looked charming in a gown of deep mauve with yellow corsage, while the mother of the groom wore a lovely dress of teal-blue with a corsage of pink roses.

The groom was attended by Mr. Frank Marcy. The register was signed during the playing of "The Bells of St. Mary's".

Mr. and Mrs. Danzey will reside on their farm at Cremonia.

The Advance joins the bride's many Chinook friends in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Danzey a very happy and prosperous married life.

HALL-ZIMMERMAN

A quiet wedding was solemnized in the Nazarine church at Stettler on November 3rd, when Miss Marjorie Edith Zimmerman of Stettler, was united in marriage to Mr. John Wesley Hall of Youngstown. Rev. M. Eggleston performed the ceremony.

The couple were attended by Mrs. Grace Gibson of Rumsey, sister of the bride, and Mr. Layman Slifka of Stettler.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall will reside in Calgary.

Mrs. W. Zawasky visited for a few days this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daem of Hanna.

Fresh Cranberries	lb	.25c
Bulk Cocoanut	"	.22c
" Icing Sugar	"	.10c
Spaghetti & Cheese with Meat Balls	2 tins	.27c

Soda Biscuits	wood box	.38c
Corn Starch	2 pkg	.25c
Safeguard Carbolic Soap	5 cakes	.25c
Dill Pickles	tin	.24c
Mince Meat, Mixed Peel, Raisins, Apples, Pineapple Rings, Oranges, Lemons, Onions, B C Potatoes		

See and hear the 5 Tube Addison Radio \$30.00 complete

BANNER HARDWARE AND GROCERIES

OBITUARY

Chinook Old - Timer Passes Away

On Tuesday, November 14, 1939 Mr. H. E. Robinson of the Chinook district passed away suddenly while driving his car, in company with his family who had spent the day visiting with a neighbor, when he took a heart attack and died within a few minutes. Mr. Robinson was a very popular member of the community, and his sudden death came as a great shock to all who knew him. Deceased had been in rather poor health for some time. He was 48 years of age and was one of the first settlers who homesteaded south of Chinook where he resided up to the time of his death.

He is survived by his wife; three sons, Harold, Albert and James; one daughter, Marjorie three brothers, Lloyd and Art of Chinook, Edward of Leslieville; and seven sisters, Mrs. Phos. Mason, Leedale; Mrs. F. Coates, New Bridgen; Mrs. R. Johnston, Helmsdale; Mrs. Ira Leffer, Swift Current; Mrs. E. Wortz, Waihalia, North Dakota; Mrs. Robert Melville, St. Paul, Minn.; and Mrs. M. Williken, Brant.

The funeral services were conducted in the Chinook United Church on November 17 by Rev. Mr. Barrett.

Pallbearers were: Messrs O. D. Harrington, C. J. Haug, L. Senecal, Mr. Hittle, Otto Peterson, and H. Gardiner.

The floral tributes were many and beautiful. Mr. J. A. Waterhouse was in charge of funeral arrangements.

Chinook Meat Market

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THE RIVER
OF SKULLS

by George Marsh

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WINO SERVICE

CHAPTER IX.—Continued

With May the high barrens began to wake from their winter's sleep. Shoulders of tundra thrust through their white blankets to expose illacene pastures of caribou moss.

Riding the brown snow water, after the ice left the Talking, came Alan and Noel in the canoe they had taken to the Sinking Lakes on the sled. When John and Heather returned from the barren with bags filled with cranberries, they planned their start.

"It will be June before the ice leaves the big lake," said Alan, "but we can take our stuff in the two canoes to the head of it and be ready to start when it does."

"Yes," agreed McCord, "we've got no time to lose."

On the last day, as they sealed doors and windows of the cabin against the sure attacks of bear and wolverine, Heather turned wistfully to Alan: "Remember, Alan, that day last winter when I came back to find you and Noel with Dad?"

"Do I remember," he laughed. "Your eyes were like saucers and your mouth opened like that." He indicated the extent of the opening with hands held wide apart. "You wondered what kind of animals had drifted in out of the bush."

"I know now," she said, "that two good friends drifted in." Alan gazed curiously in the girl's sober face. "Brace up, Heather!" he said, with a laugh. "Just think, girl, what a great time we're going to have!"

Her fine brows contracted as she returned his gaze.

"Do you think, Alan, we're ever coming back?" she asked. "I've dreamed such terrible things, this winter. McQueen will surely ambush

us when we start back with the gold—if we find it."

Its honey-combed ice flooded with pools of water, and entirely open in wide areas, from which rose clouds of vapor, the great lake reached, under the June sun, to the hills dim on the eastern horizon. For days the big Peterboro had waited while three men and a girl watched its frozen shell soften and break up.

"A few more days and we'll be able to start for the cache at the outlet," observed Alan, as he and McCord removed the gray kokomesh and silvery white-fish from their gill-net and returned to the hungry dogs who stood, breast-deep in the icy water, clamoring to be fed.

"Probably the ice at the foot of the lake is out by now," replied McCord, "and a good, south wind will start these big rafts up here. I wonder how close behind us McQueen is."

"Not far, I'll bet. But he'll never get the two Conjuror River Indians to go down the river with him. We'll only have four to handle when the time comes. What are we going to do with him, dog us clear to the River of Skulls or—"

"What if you say?" interrupted the big man in the other end of the canoe.

"I say I don't want to slave all summer and then fight for our dust. I'd rather fight now." Suddenly Alan's gray eyes softened, as he added: "But then, there's Heather."

"Yes, there's Heather. Their game is to trail us, then wipe us out to get that gold, and what would become of her?"

"I've been thinking of her. I didn't want her to come. Now she's with us, I've turned Indian."

"You mean?" The cold eyes glittered beneath the livid scar on McCord's forehead.

"I mean when I think of Heather in their hands, I forget all law. It's a finish fight, John, and no quarter. They're going to make it their lives or ours!"

McCord's big knuckled hands closed convulsively on his paddle. "A finish fight and no quarter, partner!" he repeated, huskily. "All law's off on the Kokosak! I know McQueen. He'd wipe us out without a qualm. Then they'd murder Heather later, before they reached the coast—leave no witnesses, no evidence against them. And they'd have our gold."

"There's another thing, John—the Naskapi. Drummond got by without meeting them. But we're bound to run into them somewhere on the Kokosak. We're passing through their country. We'll need luck when we do."

The giant nodded. "Let's hope: McQueen meets up with them first."

At last the south wind and the high June sun cleared the lake of its rotting raft-ice, and the big Peterboro, in which they were to make the voyage, reached the hidden cache at the outlets. There the precious bags of flour, beans and pemmican waited for them to leave with the extra canoe, were wrapped in tarpaulin and stored on the high platform. While the freshest water following the ice thundered down the three outlets into the flat valley to the north, the supplies for the summer were carefully overhauled and packed in bags. Spruce setting poles were cut and shod with iron. McCord had brought from Rupert. Every ounce of superfluous equipment was stored on the cache, for they could not guess what long portages awaited them on this unknown

water. Around which they would have to pack canoe and supplies. Only the Naskapi and the caribou in their migrations had looked upon the upper Kokosak.

The water dropped rapidly and Alan and Noel returned one night from an inspection of the central outlet, which they were to follow, with the news that the river was now passable for a canoe. Following their daily custom, when the boys had eaten, they climbed to the nearest high ground to sweep the lake with their glasses.

Miles to the south, Alan's glasses picked up something of interest.

"What you see?" demanded Noel. He handed the binoculars to Noel and waited for the Indian's verdict.

"Ah, ah!" grunted Noel. "Camp smoke!"

"Smoke hanging over that spruce point all right but whose smoke? McQueen's or the Naskapi's?"

"De Naskapi hunt deer on de barren. Dat ees McQueen."

Back at camp McCord listened to the news.

"Right on our heels, like wolves after deer, eh! Well, they won't find much deer in us!"

But Heather sat gazing into the fire, her brown face grave with foreboding. Noel, too, was silent as he worked on a paddle with his draw knife, for the tales he had heard since childhood of the spirit-haunted rivers and the fierce nomads who

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roumed the interior following the caribou herds harassed him.

Shortly after daylight, the Peterboro slid into the slant of the first drop of the outlet on its long voyage north. Past shores rimmed with red willows and alders behind which the young leaves of the aspen shivered in the breeze, apple-green against the olive of the spruce, they rode the strong water. Farther on, past bold, boulder-strewn shores and through lake expansions, they travelled beyond the sunset and into the after-glow.

In the morning, when they raised their net, Alan took from among the red-bellied square-tails and the whitefish, a graceful, dark backed, silvery fish and held it up for John's inspection.

"Ah-hah!" grunted Noel. "Camp smoke!"



"Ah-hah!" grunted Noel. "Camp smoke!"

"It must be a winnish, John, as sure as you're born. No sea salmon can get up here above all these falls and it's too early, anyway. We don't have these fellows on the coast—only the Herne's salmon, with red spots, in the Bay. This proves we're on Kokosak waters."

McCord's brown face winced in a grin as he examined the fish.

"Land-locked salmon, boy. I've caught them often in Quebec! Notice that line of black spots along the side! By glory, I'm going to have some fun, nights on this river, for I've got a rod and some flies—flies, lad! My Scotch blood wouldn't let me come without them."

To Alan's amusement McCord produced from a stout skin case, a sealed steel rod, a reel with oiled silk line and a small leader and fly-book.

Good river men though they were, the next few days taught the skill and strength of the crew. Chutes and white-water and rapids followed each other endlessly. Fast boulder choked shores where great cakes of ice left by the high water still melted in the sun, with terraces of stratified sand rising above them, the Peterboro lunged. Packing around roaring falls and rock-scattered reaches, they labored day after day, while always beyond the valley reached the tundra, its white moss

slopes stippled with flowers and mapped with caribou paths.

(To Be Continued)

A Balloon Lullaby

Londoners Have Become Used To Sound Cables Make

The London correspondent of the Ottawa Journal, says it is revealing nothing to anybody to state that there are one or two balloons over London. As there are indeed, over Paris, Berlin, and quite a lot of other famous cities. In fact it may be doubted whether Europe was ever before quite so gay with colored balloons as it is now.

But it took Londoners quite a long time to solve one mystery. Every night we heard what sounded just like airplanes zooming, just overhead. In view of the darkness—and the balloons—this seemed, even for our gallant knights-errant of the R.A.F., an inconceivably risky pastime. Now we know that what we took for the zoom of an aerial engine is really nothing of the sort, but just the curious sound of the wind blowing through the balloon cables.

Anybody who has ever walked in the country, and listened-in to the wind through the telegraph wires, will realize how this arises. This balloon-cable sound is much the same, only with a far deeper tone. Londoners now fall asleep to this soothing lullaby. We are, so to speak, rocked in the cradle of the balloon barrage. Whether a night may come when Hitler will supply the alarm clocks remains to be seen.

A Cow On The Track

Caused Trouble For The Engineer As Well As The Superintendent

I remember a trip I made, as superintendent, on the day we placed a new train schedule in effect. The train made an uncalculated stop in the country and I walked up to the front; to locate the trouble. I found the train crew looking at a milk-looking cow off the track and an irate woman waving her fist in the face of an unusually meek engineer.

I was a godsend to that engineer, who introduced me as the "superintendent," and then made a hurried exit. I was the very man that woman wanted to see. Would I change the new time-table. What was the idea of running the train past her farmyard an hour earlier than usual? Didn't I know that it had taken three years for Susan the cow, to learn the hours at which she could graze on the right-of-way? It was not fair to the cow to put an entirely new schedule in effect overnight.

I couldn't argue with the lady and I was forced to listen to one of the most comprehensive lectures of my life. Perhaps I was a wiser and better man when the train got under way again.—The Late A. E. Warren on Early Railroadng.

For Safer Driving

Engineering Developments Which Aid The Driver

That day has slipped into the remote past when highway safety was mainly a matter of traffic regulation. The engineering developments which have been made in all efforts to build safety into automobiles are so numerous that an ordinary motorist cannot name more than a few of them from observation.

Study of the "fatigue" of metals has led to the making of parts not likely to give way to shock. "Steering geometry" has guided engineers in designing apparatus to work easily and surely on curves, hills and the straight-away. Vibration has been reduced to prevent tiring of the driver. Even such a detail as the spacing of spokes in the steering wheel has been improved to give a clearer view of the instrument board.

Most comforting is the thought that all this has been done without requiring more technical knowledge in drivers who don't wish to think of engineering. The human element, though still responsible for most accidents, seems less hazardous.—New York Sun.

The south magnetic pole was determined most accurately in 1909 by Lieutenant Shackleton, at about 73 degrees south latitude and 156 degrees east longitude.

Green lights penetrate best "in some fog, while in others red lights are most effective; it all depends on the size of the moisture particles of which the fog is composed.

Annually, enough soil is washed and blown from the fields of the United States to fill a train of freight cars reaching 19 times around the world at the equator.

A species of cane grown in Marcellus, France, is the source of saxophone reeds.

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To Ration Dollars

Australia Is Planning To Adjust Economic Life To Meet Expenses

As a result of the prospective heavy expenditures in Canada for the Australian contingent of the empire's air force and the placing of large orders for aircraft in America, the Commonwealth is proposing to ration dollar exchange and classify imports from North America according to national needs.

Experts expressed the opinion that the proposal is a further step toward centralized control of Australia's economic life and suggested that possibly the whole empire's foreign exchange holdings might be pooled and then reallocated to the various dominions in accordance with their urgent needs.

The proposed rationing would mean a reduction of unessential civilian imports as Australia's war demands are expected to amount to \$5,000,000 (\$2,350,000) above present purchases.

Oracles can tie slip knots.

Increase Fighting Force

United States To Start Mass Training Of 40,000 Troops

Buglers of nine scattered army posts in the south and northwest signalled the full start of mass training by 40,000 troops to provide the United States with its first sizeable, unified fighting force since the first Great War.

Five "streamlined" infantry divisions, one cavalry division, and auxiliary units will be put through four months of field manoeuvres ordered after President Roosevelt proclaimed a limited national emergency.

Meanwhile, intensified training of other regulars and of national guardsmen is in full swing, in parallel moves to assure teamwork.

Libra, the balance, seventh sign of the Zodiac, is the only one of the 12 zodiacal constellations named for an inanimate object.

The oldest copper roof in the world is that on the Hildesheim cathedral in Germany. It was put on in 1320.

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Church Service 2:30 p. m.

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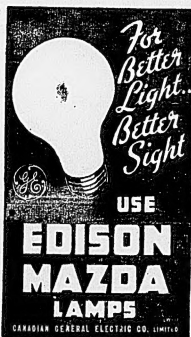
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'Flu Epidemic

Calgary is suffering an extensive if not intensive 'flu epidemic at present, according to reports from various households and offices in the city.

The reports were substantiated this morning by Dr. W. H. Hill, city medical officer of health. He said a number of cases had fallen within his notice, but they were confined to homes. A number of offices reported casualties following last week-end.

Dr. Hill said the epidemic was due to the common cold, popularly known as 'flu, which was going around. In a number of cases head colds were accompanied by coughing and sore throats.

Want Wheat Peg Set at 80 Cents

Innisfail

Because of the rise in prices in almost every line of goods, and the difficulty the farmers have in meeting any price increase the board of trade here protested at its last meeting against the low price of wheat, and are asking that the Dominion government peg wheat at not less than 80 cents a bushel.

President Lundgren reported that the road signs had been put up on the new highway and the half mile east of town had been out-d, the money having been raised by public subscription amongst the local business men.

'Salt' Is Fatal

Lacombe, Nov. 21

John Solberg, living five miles southwest of Bently, recently lost 14 head of cattle when he mixed some weed eradicator, by mistake thinking it was salt, with the grain he was feeding them. He fed them in the morning and the first one died about 3 p. m.

The material was purchased recently at a sale, conducted by the government, of the goods of the late John Hilstadt. It was in an open sack and was sold lumped together with other articles. The material looked like salt, and as it tasted like stock salt, to Mr. Solberg, he fed some to the cattle. He even took some into the house to his wife, who was making butter, but fortunately she did not use any of it.

The Ladies' Card Party Met Tuesday Evening

The Ladies Card Club met on Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. W. Wilson. The honors were shared by Mrs. Targett and Mrs. Sawyer.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Robinson

CASKEY-FORRESTER

The home of Mrs. Elizabeth Forrester, of Lanfne, was the scene of a quiet wedding on Nov. 1st, when her only daughter Florence, was united in marriage to Mr. Allan Harold Caskey, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Caskey, of Lanfne. Rev. T. Karpff of Oyen, officiated.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. Ernest Forrester, was charming in an afternoon gown of Empire blue. She wore a silver locket, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried her mother's prayer book. Miss Eva Caskey, sister of the bridegroom, and Mr. Walter Caskey were attendants.

Following a dinner for the immediate relatives and friends, the couple left for a short honeymoon. They will reside on their farm in the Farming Valley district.

Mr. Nollan, Sup't of Alberta Wheat Pool was a Chinook visitor on Tuesday.

Mr. W. A. Todd who has been working in the Pioneer Elevator at Lanfne returned home Saturday.

Mr. T. DeMaere left on Tuesday for Calgary.

Royal Canadian Pacific Engine at World's Fair



An impressive feature in the "Railroads on Parade" pageant at the New York World's Fair, Canadian Pacific Railway Locomotive 2550 is attracting marked attention. The Royal decorations it still carries recall the important part it played in the westward passage across Canada of Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth and make it the outstanding engine on exhibit.

Locomotive 2550 impresses at four daily shows as a powerful, efficient piece of machinery. It is, above everything, the engine

which hauled the royal train from Quebec City to Vancouver, a distance of more than 3,000 miles, the longest continuous run ever recorded by a passenger train.

At the end of that run, Locomotive 2550 worked its way back to Montreal in regular duty, completing practically 6,000 miles of continuous service. The Canadian Pacific Railway announced that the entire trip had passed without engine trouble of any kind; that the locomotive was still in perfect condition and could, if necessary, be turned right around and operated back

to the Pacific Coast again. It is one of 40 engines of the same series capable of a similar performance.

Four times daily during August the cyclopean Canadian Pacific locomotive goes on display at New York; and four times a day spectators echo the words of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth when she inspected the locomotive during the tour: "Isn't it a lovely engine!"

Standing on the engine in this picture are the "Gay Lassies of Yesterday and Today," members of the cast of the pageant.

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BIG DANCE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25

CHINOOK ORCHESTRA